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# ECHOES OF THE WAR

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

HENRY SEWELL STOKES,

AUTHOR OF THE "VALE OF LANHERNE."

#### LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

TRURO:

HEARD AND SONS, BOSCAWEN STREET.

1855.

280. S. 233.

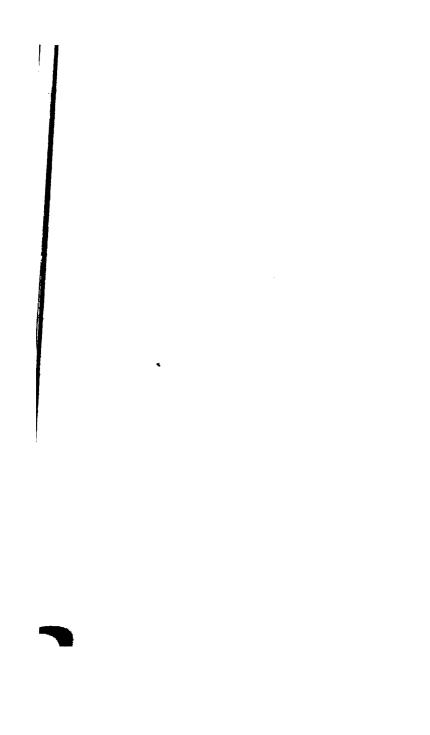
HEARD AND SONS, PRINTERS, TRURO.

# то

# HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AND DUKE OF CORNWALL,

THESE VERSES ARE MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED.

Truro, January, 1855.



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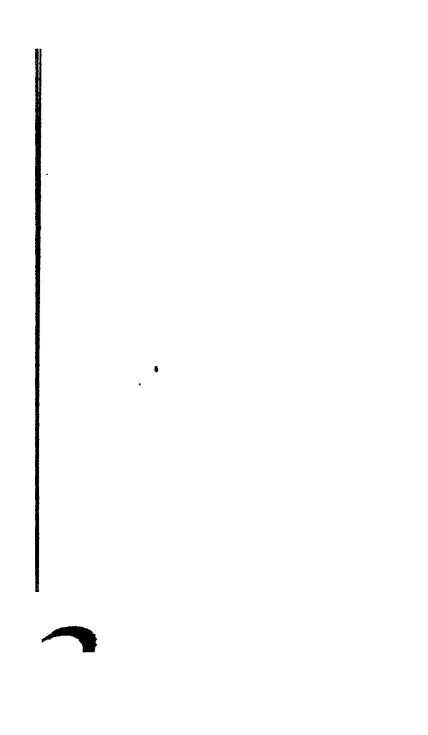
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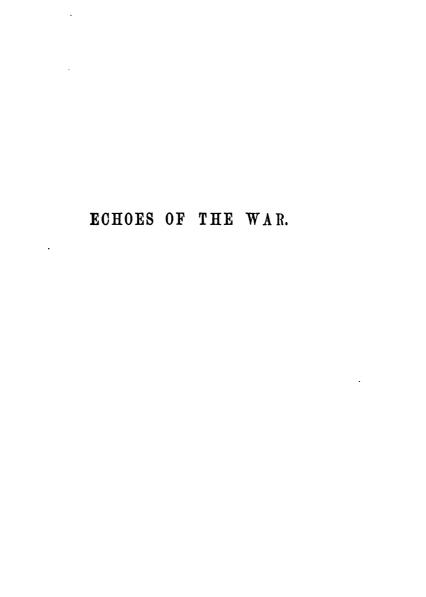
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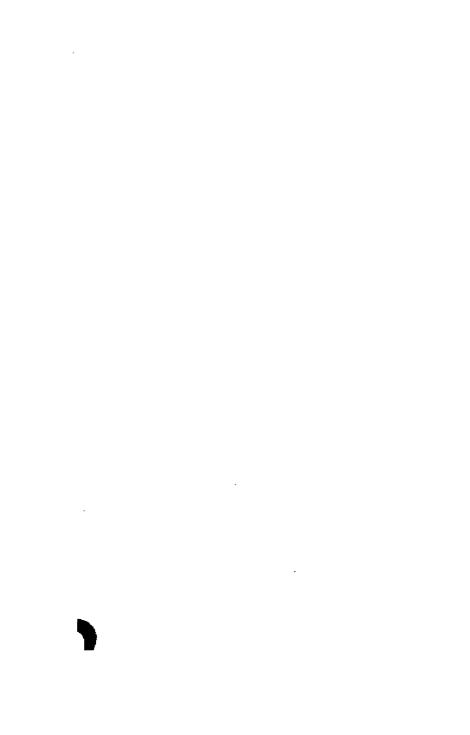


#### NOTE.

Brigadier General Torrens, described in the ballad of "Inkerman" as having fallen, still happily survives, though supposed, and indeed reported by some, to have been mortally sounded. Another wounded veteran, Sir George Brown, is so far recovered, as to be enabled, probably ere this, to re-sume his highly valued services in the field. General Adams, and others of memorable name, have gone down to the grave with honour and sympathy. Many, of all ranks, have since perished from privations as unexpected and inexplicable, as the fortitude with which their hardships have been endured has been unexampled. And whatever disasters may befall our heroic soldiers, no reverse can dim the lustre of their glory; while every suffering will but the more endear them to their Country, and to that truly Gracious Sovereign, who lately, in words that will never be forgotten, expressed a wish that it should be told those "poor noble wounded and sick men that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops,"

		٠	





# ECHOES OF THE WAR.

#### THE ALLIANCE.

I.

YES, we are friends—thank God!—at last,
Forgot the feuds of ages past,
Hands clasp, and heart to heart links fast
In proud and frank reliance;
And where the winds of Asia parch,
Where snows involve the Northern arch,
Shoulder to shoulder we will march,
Bidding Man's foes defiance!

II.

We go in Freedom's sacred cause, Champions for peace and outraged laws, To plant, amid the world's applause,

Our banners torn and gory;

For leagues along the foaming brine
Our fleets, extending line by line,
In battle's dread array combine

For justice and for glory.

III.

O gay impetuous sons of France!
Your Eagles to the front advance,
While strains of love and old romance
Their dear appeal deliver:
As once across the Niemen's stream,
Brilliant as Chivalry's young dream,
The warriors of the West will gleam
On the dark Danube river.

IV.

Again from Albion's cavern'd shore
Re-echoes the old Lion's roar,
And louder than 'twas heard before
Rolls o'er the Baltic billow:
Despot! is this thy valor's worth?
Thy vaunted squadrons come not forth,
And while brave Napier haunts the North
Sleepless will be thy pillow.

V.

False Czar! thy subtlety is met,

Though pale, the Crescent has not set,

Though weak, the "sick man" liveth yet,

And shall not die, by Heaven!

Just as the clutch was on the throat,

A stronger arm the assassin smote

But the dark lines that finger wrote

Will never be forgiven.

#### VI.

Hark! o'er the waves the Gallic drum! They come—in English ships they come! Surprise has struck the warders dumb

On Cronstadt's huge sea-towers;
And shrill by Trajan's distant wall
Is heard the British bugle's call,
And where the Balkan shadows fall
The rolling war-cloud lowers.

#### VII.

And, till the right prevails at last,
Our flags shall wave from each high mast,
And to the trumpet's thrilling blast,
In proud and frank reliance,
Onward beneath the Northern arch,
And where the winds of Asia parch,
Shoulder to shoulder we will march,

And bid Man's foes defiance!

## THE PARTING.

I.

LOUD cheers arose throughout the land, As coast-ward march'd each gallant band; From every house a lily hand

A fond adieu was waving;
Wives, sweethearts, linger'd to the last,
And backward many a glance was cast
From those whose eyes were filling fast,
In spite of all their braving.

TT.

But, as the martial music peal'd,

Again the soldier's breast was steel'd:

Some paused, and in the old Church kneel'd,

And heard the full-voiced choir;
And when the parting prayer was said,
While roll'd the organ over head,
The long aisles echoing with their tread,
They quit the ancient Spire.

#### III.

At length they reach'd the Island shore, Where countless voices cheer'd the more, Though many a seaman's heart brimm'd o'er

For those he left behind him:

Pale forms along the sea-marge stood,

Mingling their tears with the salt flood,

Yet doubting, as their eyes pursued

Each sail, the fate assign'd them.

IV.

Ah! soon the bitter truth was felt:
The nodding plume, the glittering belt
Are gone! Where late the soldier knelt,
His voice no longer blesses!
The sailor's cot is lone and still,
There is no light upon the hill,
The young wife says, it is God's will!
And close her infant presses.

v.

Then woke a wide wide sympathy,
That soon found utterance audibly;
Our Sovereign lady spoke, as she
Felt her own bosom swelling;
And well was her mild word obey'd,
The very poorest lent their aid,
And Plenty like an Angel made
Sunshine in each dark dwelling.

II.

The "Caradoc" their pioneer,

Seven hundred ships together steer,

Till the Crimean coast they near,

Their front three leagues extending;

The rear arriving day by day

In Eupatoria's ample bay,

Where the bold "Agamemnon" lay,

To each the signal sending.

#### III.

All anchor'd, on the last still night

In the blue heaven the stars shone bright,
And every cabin gleam'd with light,
Each oar with sheen was flashing;
A cheerful hum rose from the ships,
Large rugged men perform'd strange quips,
And strains were heard from unshorn lips
Soft as the wavelet's plashing.

IV.

Some trill'd the lays of sunny France, Proud Normandy or gay Provence, Singing of wine, and festal dance

Where glorious dark eyes glisten; But others, in a ruder tongue, Of England's homes and beauty sung, Till many a stout heart was unstrung, And some even wept to listen.

v.

Thus, many whiled away the hours; Some slept, and dreamt of blissful bowers Where they had cull'd life's sweetest flowers;

Some in their slumbers roaming Their native hills and valleys fair; Some to their vineyards would repair; Some, of the fleecy flock take care

At the sweet hour of gloaming.

VI.

But fast, too fast, the pictures fade!

Fond wife, fair child, and blushing maid,
Vineyard and homestead, field and glade,
Each happy scene has vanish'd!

Oh! the warm life-blood chills, to know
That some who dream so fondly now,
And some who wake, may soon lie low
Where memory's dreams are banish'd.

#### VII.

But the day dawns—the warning gun
Has fired—the signal up is run,
And shoreward, ere the rising Sun,
The ships are grandly plowing;
Except some stern commander's word,
A deep deep silence reigns aboard;
The anchors drop—the boats are lower'd,
Men to the stroke are bowing.

#### VIII.

But first the Frenchmen leap on shoré, And, instantly, the Tricolor Flies where it never flew before!

Such was perchance the order:
But now the British gain the strand,
At once in solid ranks they stand,
And who will drive them from the land
Where they have fix'd their border?

#### IX.

The day goes down—the winds grow chill, The Vivandieres their flasks refill, And round their watch-fires on the hill

The gay Zouaves are singing;
While loud the English centinel
Shouts from his dreary post "All's well!"
And plaintively the far ship-bell
The hour of night is ringing.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

I.

NO drum was heard, no shrill reveil, But dark woods rustling in the gale, That freshen'd as the stars grew pale,

Gave them a cheerful warning;
Each from the heather springing lithe
And gay as mower to his scythe,
When in the sky the larks sing blithe
On some clear harvest morning.

n.

From sea and shore then came a sound Like thunder rolling underground, Till Light with golden radiance crown'd

The Eastern mountains hoary;
And then was seen the grand array
Of legions, stretching far away,
Whose steel out-flash'd the beam of day,
Shedding a dreadful glory.

III.

Onward the mighty pageant goes, And still its awful splendour grows, Till like a sea of sheen it flows,

In mountain-waves upheaving;
And now, as at some wide command,
At once the rolling billows stand,
The Arctic ocean not more grand,
Sublime beyond conceiving.

IV.

Then rose a shout as when the Sea
Salutes the West-wind lustily,
The shout of that vast company,
Seeming the voice of nations;
And still it swells, as side by side
St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan ride,
Rebounding o'er the champaign wide
With grand reverberations.

v.

Cheers for the Sultan! cheers for France!

Hurrah for England! and advance!

At once all move—the white plumes dance,

The colours wave as joyant;

Each to the destined point inclines;

Some, where the tortuous Alma twines,

Some, where above the mountain-vines

Stands the proud foe defiant,

VI.

Yonder, the Gallic Eagles climb,

As if to heights yet more sublime

Than they e'er won in former time

They would this day aspire;

As though the Mighty Shade were there

Whose name again now thrills the air,

While up the headlands steep and base

Ascend those souls of fire.

#### VII.

And there the British columns move Through flood and brake, and stoutly prove Their pedigree from those who strove

With Frenchmen for their foemen,
In many a fierce and famous field,
Whose axe no other arm could wield,
Against whose shafts there was no shield,
Brave Celt and English yeoman.

#### VIII.

Down bursts the storm of shot and shell, And louder yet the war-hounds yell; The streams of blood to torrents swell,

The earth's hot thirst assuaging;
Blacker the lurid welkin grows,
Deeper the crimson'd Alma flows,
As upward still the battle goes,
Like a volcano raging.

#### IX.

Lord Raglan seems shot-proof to-day, No coward part does Cathcart play, Brown, Evans, Campbell, lead the way

Which Death is thickliest strewing;
But oh! it fits not me to tell
Who boldest stood or bravest fell;
Their names will need no chronicle
While patriot breasts are glowing.

X.

Soon on the ridge majestic stand

The British Guards' unconquer'd band,

Led by a Prince of their own land,

With a right Royal bearing;

Erin and Cambria's fervid race

Press onward in the mortal chase,

While Scotland claims the foremost place

Of danger and of daring.

XI.

As rocks resist the angry flood,

Awhile the Russian phalanx stood;

The deadly onset still renew'd,

And still the foe preventing:

But:hark! the Zouave!—yon crest is won—

His bright steel flashes in the sun!

One glorious charge!—the work is done,

The victors stand relenting.

#### XII.

Earth's plaudits for this day will ring, Captives in deepest cells will sing, Their laurels bards from each land bring

Where freedom's words are spoken;
But oh! for England and for France,
The news will stay the festive dance,
The tale will dim the maiden's glance,
And many a heart be broken!

# THE MARSHALL'S DEATH.

I.

STARTLING, yet ever-envied doom!

The distant cannon's parting boom

Had scarcely ceased, when deepest gloom

The victor-camp pervaded:

Unscathed through all that dreadful day
St. Arnaud rode, yet look'd, they say,
Like Death, as through the fierce melée
His foaming charger waded.

II.

Ay, all that day he could have told

A hand was on him hard and cold,

But still he rode, and still would hold

His baton as became him;

The flush of victory came o'er

His cheek one moment, and no more;

And swift the bark his ashes bore

Where buried heroes claim him.

m.

And long, long after that fleet ship Did in the wave her canvas dip, Loud grief from many a bearded lip

On that wild strand was utter'd;
And grey-hair'd Raglan's aspect stern
Did to the dreary Euxine turn,
As though he would again discern
Where that lost pennon flutter'd.



29

IV.

Or on the land, or on the sea,

We reck not where their relics be,

The path to immortality

Through one dark entrance lying;
Though long the sever'd heart may bleed,
Though tears become the widow's weed,
By Love and Honour 'tis agreed
That these men are undying.

# AFTER THE BATTLE.

I.

OH! the long horrors of that! night,
Which made the darkest cheek grow white,
And oh! the scene when morning light
Broke on that hill of slaughter!
The wounded pillow'd on the dead,
Or side by side on that hard bed
The combatants together bled,
And ask'd for water—water

TY.

Some frown'd in death, and even then So pale, so still, they look'd like men Who would have fought the fight again,

Their arms yet firmly grasping;
And some, as their mute friends bent o'er,
The smile of happy childhood wore;
Others, who slept to wake no more,
Their hands devoutly clasping.

### III.

It was most piteous to behold Youths with their locks of crispéd gold Beside grey warriors stark and cold,

As by their fathers sleeping;
Some wore beneath the crimson'd vest
The image of the one loved best;
A dog upon one stalwart breast
Its vigil still was keeping.

IV.

Some seek for those they may not find, Some bind the wound 'tis vain to bind, And some, with gushing sorrow blind,

Kiss cheeks like marble sculpture;
While others delve the deep deep grave
Which shall those sacred relics save,
Though scenting wolves the banquet crave,
And screams the keen-eyed vulture.

٧.

Comrade and foe are here alike;
No Cossack points the murderous pike;
Though hard the blows our soldiers strike,

Hearts in their breasts are beating:
But oft some dying Russ will glare
Like a maim'd savage in his lair,
While others bless and breaths a prayer,
The name of Christ repeating.

VI.

Short is the time—the trumpet sounds!

Onward each champing squadron bounds;

And who will stay to staunch the wounds

Of those brave foes deserted?
Yes, there was one that had the skill,
Ay, and the heart, who tarried still,
Who did the hallow'd task fulfil
When all beside departed.

VII.

Thus was this true-born Englishman
Kin to the good Samaritan;
Death-struck as through the lists he ran,
Moist eyes his footsteps follow'd:
Thompson! thy homely Northern name
Shall place among the Martyrs claim,
And pilgrims long will bless thy fame
Where thy lone grave is hollow'd.

# THE DIRGE.

ī.

ONCE more the purpling orient sky Shows the Sun's resurrection nigh, But listless whole battalions lie,

Waiting a brighter morning;
And till the dread reveillèe peals,
Till the loud trump the grave unseals,
Till earth its last convulsion feels
They'll sleep, and heed no warning.

II.

Yet hark! what music wild and deep
Rolls down from yon high mountain-steep,
A dirge for those who calmly sleep
In the sepulchral valley!
Solemn and sad and sweet and stern
And proud and fierce the tones, by turn,
Cause manly breasts to throb and burn,
And drooping hearts to rally.

III.

But now the tones less wildly swell,
Softly and slowly, like a knell,
They breathe a long and last farewell,
By glen and cave repeated;
Each woodland dingle made reply,
Each heathy hillock breathed a sigh,
Till Echo seem'd in sobs to die
As the sweet sounds retreated.

IV.

Then suddenly the piercing fife

And rattling drum awake to life,

And fire the soul for glorious strife—

Away, away with sorrow!

Such was the burden of the strain,

And Echo struck the chord again,

As proudly o'er the mountain-plain

They march'd to meet the morrow.

# THE SIEGE.

ı.

NOW fast the limber'd cannons roll
Towards world-famed Sebastopol,
While loud its lofty steeples toll,
And far each beacon flashes;
When, to the advancing fleets' dismay,
Where Russia's floating bulwarks lay,
Down—down they sink!—to block the way
Where bold our vanguard dashes.

II.

All flush'd with ardour for the fight,
Our sailors scarce believe the sight;
Dundas and Hamelin say 'twas right,
Lyons can but admire:
Oh! 'tis no common war we wage,
Giants with giants here engage,
Courage and craft and quenchless rage,
Steel, steam and sulphurous fire.

III.

All day, all night, from sea and shore
Unnumber'd throats of iron roar,
And many a bastion topples o'er,
And many a mast is shatter'd:
They burrow through the rocky ground,
They plant fresh guns on every mound,
Flash answers flash, round peals to round,

And shells like hail are scatter'd.

IV.

It was no puny soul that plann'd
That Giant's Castle, strong and grand,
To stand while Earth's foundations stand,
And crash with Heaven's last thunder
And those who man its thousand towers
Guard them with rare heroic powers,
Although it must and shall be ours,

V.

Ships, port and all that's under!

Nearer and nearer still we draw,
The thickest walls betray a flaw,
The miners almost breathe with awe
Hearing strange uncouth voices
But evermore the mighty din
Whelms all above and all within,
Pausing still flercer to begin
With all its hellish noises.

VI.

Surprise by night, by day hard toil, Each weary week runs out its coil; No danger daunts, no bar may feil

Those chord-like nerves enduring:

Those arms grew strong behind the plough,
Or cleaving through the knotted bough,
Or anvils did their force endow,

Hard victory assuring.

# VII.

Thank God! our manhood is not spent,

Though through the world the rumour went;

Small care they ask, nor bed, nor tent,

In all the wintry weather;

Well pleased to toil, to bleed, to die,

Under a strange inclement sky,

So they may nobly live, or lie

In one proud grave together.

# BALACLAVA.

L

BALACLAVA! Let the name
Sound through all the lists of Fame,
Let it on the banner fame,
And on story's pages;
Talk no more of old Romance,
How the warhorse used to prance,
How the Knight would couch his lance
In the distant ages.

Ħ.

Tell not of Thermopylæ,

Of the World's great infancy
Glorious as the dead may be,

Men as brave are living:

Generations drop like leaves,

But the World no change perceives;

Providence the past retrieves,

Brighter promise giving.

# m.

Hark! the trumpet sounds from far,
Quick the charger scents the war,
Either eye-ball like a star
At the aspect bright'ning;
How he paws the mountain-sod,
Treading as if air he trod,
While his hoofs seem thunder-shod,
Wreathed his mane with lightning!

IV.

Curb him—launch the bolt not yet, The first shock on foot is met; And we shall not soon forget

Who that charge confronted:
Ainslie bade the fore-rank kneel,
Stands the next a wall of steel,
Back the Russian squadrons reel,
Though ten-fold they counted.

٧,

But they rally for the charge,
Like the waves on Ocean's marge,
Beaten back to roll up large
From the waters under:
So that multitude of horse
Gather'd all its hidden force,
Whirling onward in its course
With a sound of thunder.

VI.

But our trumpets peal at last, When, like a tornado-blast, Greys and Enniskillens pass'd,

And the ground seem'd crashing;
Every man of giant mould,
Chargers like the breeds of old,
Oh! it made the blood run cold
To see their broad-swords flashing.

VII.

Now they meet the advancing foe,

One to ten, yet blow for blow,

Through the broken ranks they go,

Ghastly traces leaving;

Through the maze of glimmering spears

Rush those stalwart cavaliers,

Onward still with deafening cheers

Their red pathway cleaving.

### VIII.

Lost they seem—but short suspense,
Back along that forest dense
Soon again they tower immense,
High their broadswords gleaming;
On their furious chargers foam,
As if Richard led they come,
Like old Knights of Christendom,
With the Red-Cross streaming.

# IX.

"Guards and Royals, now your turn!"
Said an accent loud and stern;
Soon their swords fresh laurels earn,
Loud as joy-bells pealing:
Oh! the chinks each ringing blade
In the Calmuck helmets made;
Streaks the Cossack backs display'd
Leech will long take healing.

. X.

Scarlett's weightier work is done,
And Lord Lucan's just begun;
Plain the peril none would shun,
Too superbly daring!
Where the belching batteries flame
Lance and sabre boldly aim;
Meaner seems all other game,
Hardly worth the sharing.

XI.

Oh! that brilliant Light Brigade!
Oh! that none was near to aid!
Oh! the wreck the cannon made
Of their peerless beauty!
Yet well done, Lord Cardigan!
You have shown yourself a man,
Proving what our English can
For honour and for duty.

#### XII.

Round that small devoted band

Foes ten thousand bristling stand;

Then was heard a fiend's command—

Foul promiscuous murder!

Shot and shell the clangor drown,

Friend and foe alike go down,

Cursing, as their fierce eyes frown,

Him who gave the order.

### XIII.

Bathed in blood young Nolan's horse
Homeward bore an upright corse,
And still seem'd to feel the spurs,
Coming fast and faster:

But where thick the slain were piled, Steeds in herds were bounding wild; One there was, with aspect mild, Gazing on its master.

### XIV.

Stern Lord Raglan saw and sigh'd, Canrobert, with martial pride, Watch'd them as they rode and died,

Nor conceal'd his sorrow;

Both camps cheer'd them like a chime,

Each man said it was sublime,

But all mourn'd at even-time,

And vow'd revenge to-morrow.

## THE NURSES.

I.

O'er the Sea a rumour came

That our men neglected die;

And stern voices murmur'd—shame!

And would know the reason why:

Then a lady of the land

Meekly said, "I'll go and see,

I will help with my weak hand,

And a soldier's nurse I'll be."

II.

O! a gentle name she bore,

And her voice was like a bird,

And her words yet more and more

Moved the hearts of all who heard:

Other maidens kindly said,

"We will bear you company,

We will smooth the sufferer's bed,

And will soldiers' nurses be."

# III.

Like an Angel then she smiled,

To perceive that lovely train,

And she ask'd, in accents mild,

"Will you cross the stormy Main?

Will you traverse lands unknown?

Will you face the World with me?"

And they answer'd, every one,

"We will soldiers' nurses be."

IV.

So they went, and with them took
All the blessings of the land,
And each held a little book,
For protection, in her hand:
Robed in stainless innocence
Went that gentle embassy;
And they met with no offence
Who would soldiers' nurses be.

٧.

They were bless'd in all their way

Over land and on the Deep;

All the old for them did pray,

All the young for them did weep:

Like fair Una and her lamb,

With the lion by her knee,

They went safely as they came

Who would soldiers' nurses be.

VI.

Soon they reach the destined shore

Where pale woman is a slave;
But respect still went before,

And their purpose made them brave:
As they traversed each long ward,

All the wounded rose to see
Those dear Sisters of our Lord,

Who would soldiers' nurses be.

### VII.

And the sternest sufferer there,

When he saw them all so meek;

When he knew their anxious care,

Watching o'er him week by week;

When he heard them by his bed,

As they lowly bow'd the knee,

Then he wept, and feebly said,

"Saints have nursed and pray for me!"

# WHO ARE THE BRAVE.

I.

THE brave—who are they? Those who fall
In battle at their country's call,
Or on the land, or on the wave—
These—not these only are the brave:
They whom the Pestilence strikes down,
Have but small share of Earth's renown,
Yet, grappling with their unseen foe,
Not less true courage do they show
Than those who seek a gory grave,
While all men shout—"the brave!—the brave!"

II.

Thousands upon the Euxine shore,
Whose names no sculptor cared to score,
Deserve, for magnanimity,
To be embalm'd in memory;
And the High Witness of Man's worth
Will mark those little mounds of earth,
And, haply, at the close of time
Pronounce the fortitude sublime:
Truth now inscribes each nameless grave,
"These, also these men, are the brave!"

# INKERMAN.

I.

'TWAS on the blessed Sabbath,
Just at the break of day,
When stretch'd upon the dewy ground,
The weary out-posts lay;
And over all the tented field
No sound, no footstep stirr'd;
All silent, save the breezy call
Which at that hour is heard.

II.

Some sat beside the watch-fires

Which then burn'd low and dim,

Remembering, as the stars still gleam'd,

The holy Angels' hymn:

One said that he still heard it,

"Glory to God on high!"

And "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Another made reply.

III.

Another said, "This morning,
As my heart truly tells,
In happy England far away
Will chime the sweet Church-bells;
And by the path along the fields,
By many a trysting tree,
Maidens and youths and white-hair'd sires
Will go in company."

IV.

Just after, slow and drearily,

Was heard the distant toll

Of the beleaguer'd city's towers,

As for a passing soul:

Some thought it had a boding sound,

And own'd it made them thrill;

As still the bells swung drearily,

And the moaning wind blew chill.

٧.

One, in a sterner accent,

Declared he heard a sound

As of the rumbling cannon-wheels

Along the broken ground.

Said one, "Soon after midnight

I thought I heard them roll,

And now I hear the tramp of feet

Towards Sebastopol."

VI.

The night had been beclouded,

With fogs and drifting rain,

And, though about the dawn it clear'd,

The sky soon lower'd again:

And from the vallies upward

The climbing vapour spread,

Till all the heights of Inkerman

Seem'd sheeted for the dead.

#### VII.

Hark! 'tis the rattling musketry,

That sounds no false alarms;

Who slumbers now may ever sleep—
"Soldiers, to arms!—to arms!"

Near, and more near, the rolling fire

Tells how the stealthy foe

Is clambering through the shrouding mist,

And with it seems to grow.

VIII.

Now all along the brushwood

The Russian soldiers swarm,

And through the drift some almost see

Their ranks begin to form.

"A sortie! did you call it?

Thousands of bayonets gleam,

And cannon crown each vantage-height—

"Tis a battle, or I dream."

IX.

Soon all the camp was stirring,

No sluggard soul was there;
Upstarting with their harness on,
Forth to the field they fare:
They need no martial music,
To fire the torpid breast;
The drum-beat of a manly heart
The tune the brave love best.

x.

Shrilly the death-shots whistled,

While deep the cannons roar'd;

And they had for clashing cymbals

The bayonet and the sword:

Such was the matin prelude

Ere the dim Sun arose,

Which many heard who might not say

How fearful was the close.

XI.

Lord Raglan yet may tell us,

If the fight that now began

Was fierce as that which once was fought
On the hill of Mont St. Jean:

Another might have told us,

But his last hour drew nigh;

Surviving blood-stain'd Waterloo

At Inkerman to die.

#### XII.

He saw his men fast falling,
And down the dark ravine
Brave Cathcart rode, as one who had
With Death familiar been;
And, when they heard him cheering,
They charged o'er mounds of slain;
But never from the dark ravine
Brave Cathcart rode again.

## XIII.

And Strangways might have told us
Of the fight on Mont St. Jean,
But the fated bolt soon laid him low
On the heights of Inkerman:
As the rough men bore him gently,
He taught them how to die,
Like a warrior and a Christian,
Not a murmur, not a sigh.

XIV.

And, like their chiefs, the soldiers

Demean'd them each and all;

Standing like mountain-forests,

Like mountain-pines to fall:

But those unconquer'd Guardsmen,

Who bore the brunt that day,

In hundreds on the lofty slopes

Their forms majestic lay!

XV.

Above the dark Chernaya

The dauntless phalanx stood;
And with their trusty bayonets

They made their footing good:
Right worthy of such warriors

Did Royal Cambridge prove,
And all the soldiers honour'd him,
As he the men did love.

#### XIV.

The foe came on by thousands
Against that weak redoubt,
And still the Guards maintain'd the post,
Till numbers forced them out:
Four times the place was carried,
And four times with a shout
The Guards expell'd the ruthless foe,
And kept that weak redoubt.

### XVII.

But on the ground their captains

Lay gored with hideous wounds;

For Russians fang their victims,

Like wolves or famish'd hounds:

There was the gallant Seymour,

Not as he lay at first;

His manly corse the tooth-marks show'd

Of those foul dogs accurst.

#### XVIII.

Oh! many a scutcheon'd mansion,
And darken'd hall will tell
How, on the field of Inkerman,
The flower of England fell:
One from the leafy uplands
West of the Tamar's tide;
And worthy of his race and name
The noble Eliot died.

## XIX.

Each moment fell some veteran

England but ill could spare;

Torrens and Goldie early

A soldier's death-bed share:

Brown with his look undaunted,

Pale from the field they bore;

And they who scathless rode as yet

Did only dare the more.

#### XX.

The sky all round was darken'd,

The white mist shrouded still,

And few could see who fought or fell

On all that dismal hill:

But the clangor of the battle,

And the shouting of the men—

Oh! the like was never heard before,

And ne'er may be again.

# XXI.

O'er all the field the combat
Appear'd at once to rage,
While over-head the shell-storm
Seem'd war with Heaven to wage;
And every flaming battery
So fast its vomit hurl'd,
That through the air the shot and shell
In hot collision whirl'd.

y

#### XXII.

Task'd is thy skill, Lord Raglan!

'Twill help thee little here;

Canrobert's younger vision

Sees not the battle clear:

De Lacy, from his sick-bed,

Stands thoughtful by their side,

When even to their feet roll'd up

That fierce and crimson tide.

#### XXIII.

And now had come the crisis,

That whelming tide must turn,
Or France and England and the World
Will long and sorely mourn:

Twas then, as on the Alma,

The well-known shout was heard—
The Zouave descending like a flash
Of joy to hope deferr'd.

#### XXIV.

Above the roar of battle

The British welcome peal'd,

As Bosquet and his Chasseurs

Bounded into the field:

Again the broken Regiments form,

Three merging into one;

And with the French they cheer and charge
In glorious unison.

#### XXV.

English and French together!

Ay, sound it West and North!

And when they charge, O may they charge
As now, from this day forth!

This Fifth of drear November

The Russ will not forget,

Hurl'd from the crest of Inkerman

Ere the red Sun had set.

#### ·XXVI.

How well they charge together,

Thy sons, proud Czar! could tell,

As from the height they took their flight

Before the shadows fell:

Over their reeling soldiers,

With rage or panic blind,

Down from the ridge across the bridge

They spurr'd, nor look'd behind.

## XXVII.

Such fearful odds were never
From the great times of old;
Since o'er the Plain of Marathon
Two thousand years have roll'd;
Nor since old Persia's Despot
Was Tyrant such as now
Affronts the World, and threats to plant
His foot on Freedom's brow.

## XXVIII.

English and French together!

Ay, sound it through the World!

For justice—freedom—glory,

Their banners are unfurl'd:

And still the "sick man" liveth,

And God still rules on high;

Nor doubt we Earth's Grand Tyrant

Will in his deserts die.

# WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

I.

WIDOWS and Orphans! piteous names,
Each heart accords their sacred claims:
Widows and orphans of the brave,
No pittance from the proud they crave,
And from the rich no gift they take,
Unless it be for justice' sake:
The soldier's is his country's child!
The widow heard, and weeping smiled.

n.

Oh Queen and Wife and Mother! thou
Canst feel for those who sorrow now:
Thy word has made thy people thrill,
As waters wide, and deep, and still,
Which gentlest breath of heaven can move;
Such is the impulse of thy love!
The widow clasps her orphan boy,
And weeps afresh—but tears of joy.

III.

War, hideous War, grows almost fair,
And round her forehead, dark and bare,
She wears a wreath of virtues bright,
Like stars that gem the brow of Night:
Honour, Fidelity and Faith
Hallow and cheer the soldier's death;
While Gratitude repays 1 trust,
And Glory consecrates his dust.

## A LAMENT FOR ELIOT!

(Captain the Hon. Granville Charles Cornwallis Eliot, of the First Battalion Coldstream Guards, and second son of the Earl of St. Germans, fell at Inkerman Nov. 5, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.)

I.

The leaves know not their time to fall,
And so death happens to us all:
But leaves are shed when they are sere,
In the dark season of the year;
Our blossoms fade as well in Spring
As when away the swallows wing;
Ev'n while our hopes are fresh and green
They drop, and sadden all life's scene.

n.

Light was his step, the tears were few When high-born Eliot bade adieu! Though not because the love was less, But in the bloom of manliness, And in the glow of martial pride, It were unseemly to have sigh'd: Like one who heard a marriage-bell He went, and breathed a gay farewell.

III.

Ere long there came from o'er the sea
Tidings of glorious victory:
Again, and yet again, the bells
Pour'd their blithe music down the dells,
And from the Land's End to Cotehele
Seem'd in glad rivalry to peal;
But silent was St. Germans' tower,
For gloom was there in hall and bower.

IV.

And then it peal'd a slow sad knell,
And people said, he nobly fell
With the brave Guards, who form'd the van
At the great fight of Inkerman!
The death was grand, the cause was just;
Agreed—but that bright form is dust!
And lofty phrases serve but ill
The void which death has made, to fill.

٧.

Yet was it truly, kindly told,
That now, as in the times of old,
Our Nobles heed the Country's call;
In Castle grey and sylvan Hall,
At War's alarm their proud hearts bound,
And soon their life-blood dyes the ground:
Such is our English Chivalry,
This, this is true Nobility!

# CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

I.

THE storm without this Christmas-night
Has made the Yule log burn more bright
The glasses in its genial light
With richer tints are glowing:
A health, then, to each absent friend!
And with the wish a prayer shall blend,
As round the Christmas-hearth we bend
With cups and hearts o'er-flowing.

II.

A health to those far, far away,

Toss'd in some wild Crimean bay,

Or where the Bivouac's wavering ray

Tells how the wind is blowing!

For them to-night no Yule log flames,

To-night they'll miss the Christmas-games,

But we will not forget their names,

With cups and hearts o'er-flowing.

# III.

Next, but in silence, to the brave,
Who, in a strange and distant grave,
Care not how fierce the storm may rave,
Nor heed how fast 'tis snowing!
Many will miss them from the hearth,
And feel to-night no Christmas mirth,
For thinking of their love and worth,
With eyes and hearts o'er-flowing.



IV.

Raglan! Canrobert! health to each,
Soon may you find so wide a breach,
That you to Menschikoff may teach
Some other truths worth knowing:
He chose a Sunday, pious plan!
You will avoid that, if you can;
We drink to you and "Inkerman!"
With cups and hearts o'er-flowing.

٧.

The Navies, next, and Armies toast,
In every clime, on every coast;
Fill, fill the goblet high, kind host!
A bumper worth bestowing:
England and France the World defy,
Who doubt it, let them come and try
England and France! again we cry,
With cups and hearts o'er-flowing.

#### VI.

And next we'll toast, sir, to the brim,
The "Sick Man!" better health to him,
Although the "Doctor" look'd so grim,
And thought the patient going;
And with this toast we'll join the Turks,
Who've yet to do some noble works,
Though still they have some strange old quirks,
And love not cups o'er-flowing.

#### VII.

Napoleon! next—illustrious name,
None grander on the roll of Fame;
God grant this man may prove his claim,
Each day fresh virtues showing!
And now to her whom all adore,
Victoria! loved the wide world o'er,
Our crowning toast, we drink once more
With cups and hearts o'er-flowing.

# TO THE AUTOCRAT.

#### AN ODE.

(These verses, composed under a different aspect, are re-printed, with slight alteration, from an Edition of Poems published in 1836.)

I.

What, though the trumpet soundeth
O'er Muscovy's wide plains,
And the Cossack war-horse boundeth,
While the Pole-slave clanks his chains?
Why should we fear the Despot's hordes,
His countless spears, his myriad swords;
His masts, that on the heaving Deep
Like forests roar when tempests sweep?

II.

We hurl thee back defiance,
Dread Titan of the North!
Thee and thy dark Alliance—
Send, send thy serf-bands forth!
While with their tramp the Balkan shakes,
While round thy ships the Black Sea breaks,
A mightier force than thine, O Czar,
Shall burst the Volga's frozen bar.

III.

Sleep'st thou in thy pavilions

A slumber calm and deep,

While around barbaric millions

In arms thy vigil keep?

Or from the midnight couch dost start

At the groan from childless Poland's heart?

Or seest thou on thy palace wall

A sign which doth yet more appal?

IV.

Where is Belshazzar's palace,
Where Philip's warrior son
Quaff'd the Herculean chalice,
And lost what he had won?
Where on her hills stood mighty Rome?
Was yonder ruin Cæsar's home?
And will the Kremlin's towers be found
When a few ages more roll round?

٧.

Thou! wouldst thou, proud Sclavonian,
Rival the mighty dead,
And like the Macedonian
Tears for a new world shed,
Insatiate still of blood and sway,
Nor thinking of the distant day
When some nomadic wanderer
Will desecrate thy sepulchre?

VI.

Sceptres and swords together
Are buried in the dust;
'Neath moss and mountain heather
Power's lost emblems rust:
The whistling ploughboy drives a-field
Where trumpets o'er the death-cry peal'd;
And where the greenest grass is found
Some larger corse manures the ground.

#### VII.

Though grand thy brow, each feature
Cast in heroic mould;
Though in thy lofty stature
Men trace the Kings of Old;
Though millions tremble at thy nod,
Though millions worship thee as God,
Yet on that forehead some can see
Mistrust and deep perplexity.

#### VIII.

From the fair Western regions
A still small voice alarms
More than the march of legions,
More than the clash of arms:
Freedom may sleep, but is not dead;
Truth's spark, though darken'd, is not fled;
The tramplings of that iron heel
Destroy not—still the worm can feel.

#### IX.

Think not, O Tyrant! think not
We would provoke thy might;
Though from thy scowl we shrink not,
And keep our armour bright:
The hunters care not from the den
To urge the tiger forth again,
Though still they watch around the lair,
And for the tiger's spring prepare.

x.

Our sires once saw assembled
From countries wide the brave;
And the world's deep centre trembled
With the roll of that living wave:
All Europe's Chivalry went forth,
A mighty Crusade, to the North;
But bleaching 'neath the Arctic sky
The bones of tombless nations lie.

XI.

Yet well might the Conqueror's vision

Like the lion's eye dilate,

When with a stern precision

They wound, in martial state,

O'er the Niemen's dark and troubled stream,

The pageant of a prophet's dream;

As though while that deep river roll'd

The dazzling coil would still unfold.

XII.

Still in the flush of glory

The King-Destroyer went,

From battle-fields yet gory,

Like War's dread Angel sent;

But soon he found, though victor still,

The might of man's obdurate will:

Smolensk, and Borodino's height,

And Moscow's pyre stern truths endite.

#### XIII.

Unto the soil that bore him

The glebe-bound serf will cling;

The bleak skies bending o'er him

More genial than the Spring

That beams and blooms in other lands;

The sterile fields his fathers' hands

For ages till'd, content he ploughs,

And at his fathers' altar bows.

XIV.

Vain dream! with swords to sever

The bonds of servile minds;

More firm, more fast than ever

The subtle shackle binds:

A silent force, more keen than steel,

The emancipating blow must deal;

But teach the slave to think, and he

Will leap with inborn liberty.

XV.

Not all Earth's fortress-towers

Can hold one thinking soul;
As well her banded Powers

May Death and Time control:

Death that to dust the mightiest brings,
And Time that levels thrones of Kings,
Yet fosters Thought unto a strength

That shakes the torpid world at length.

XVI.

'Tis Thought shall burst asunder
The Volga's frozen bar;
Like the flash before the thunder
Kindling the mountains far:
Then will the exiles break their chains,
And Freedom shout 'mid Russia's plains,
And Poland's Eagle from the shore
Of ice o'er the Calmuck Vulture soar.

# WHO NEXT?

(William Daubuz, Esq., of Killiow, Cornwall, died February 24, 1854.)

I.

The man was pale, his steed was fleet—
He stopp'd amid the busy street—
A few brief hurried words, and fast
Onward the boding horseman pass'd,
As one who shunn'd some foe's pursuit,
Leaving his startled listeners mute;
Till each, as with the shock perplex'd,
Inquired of each—"Who next, who next?"

п.

Some silent to their homes retired,
And there, as of themselves, inquired
"Who next?" And others on their way
Along the peopled street, did say
"Who next?" and scarce could tell the tale
Which made that hasty courier pale;
But still, as with the shock perplex'd,
They question'd each they met—"Who next?"

#### III.

How blithe and clear on that same morn
Was heard the huntsman's bugle-horn!
The horse stood ready for the chase,
But vacant was the rider's place:
Sudden the dismal post went by,
And ceased at once the field's full cry;
And each, with grief and awe perplex'd,
Demands of each—"Who next, who next?

IV.

Oh! strange that he should thus have died
At fortune's noon, in manhood's pride;
From his domain so large and fair,
From all that claim'd his thoughtful care,
And all that nearest clasp'd his heart,
Forced by that fatal stroke to part!
By Heaven's severe decree perplex'd,
We hardly dare to think—" Who next?"

٧.

Who next? Ay, let the words go round,
Though harsh and ominous the sound;
Who next? the infant and the sire,
The old man and the youth inquire;
Who next? let whispering lovers ask;
Who next? the reveller through his mask:
The solemn preacher, as his text,
Asks of the shuddering flock—"Who next?"

# THE NEXT.

(John Davies Gilbert, Esq., died at his seat, Trelissiek, Cornwall, 16th April, 1854.

I.

Pale Death with equal pace, 'tis said,
Does on the poor man's threshold tread,
And in the palace-courts of kings;
And well, though sad, the poet sings:
But here the silent step of late
Seems most to seek the rich man's gate,
And each within his pillar'd Hall
Thinks he may be the next to fall.

II.

The people number one—two—three!

The first, a lord of high degree,\*

Soon changed the ermine for the shroud;

The second, with large wealth endow'd;

The third, of manly beauty's mould,

But now like sculptured marble cold!

Peerless amid his yeomen tall,

Oh! who had thought he next would fall?

#### III.

As from you ivied tower the knell
Peals o'er the wood, its thrilling spell
Arrests the hewer's lifted stroke;
For, nobler than the lordly oak
Was that fair human tree which now
Lays in the earth its leafy bough:
Some seek its shadow by the wall,
And sigh and wonder at its fall.

\* Henry Earl of Falmouth.

IV.

Is it a fearful doom impends
O'er Cornish homes, that weeping friends,
Who left the new-made grave to-day,
To-morrow must like tribute pay
Around the freshly-furrow'd earth,
To kindred dust or public worth?
The stranger marks each scutcheon'd Hall,
And mourns how fast our good men fall.

v.

The toil-worn hind who plough'd the field May see the ground its harvest yield;
But he that own'd it will not view
The laden corn-ear's ripening hue:
The acorn where it dropt may grow,
And far one day its shadow throw;
But many a year will men recall
The parent tree's untimely fall.

# ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST.

I.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

One cried, who scarce his voice could trust,
High standing on a larger mound,
While men bare-headed listen'd round:

"Ashes to ashes," none denied,
And "dust to dust" each heart replied:
The corpse into the ground is thrust,

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

II.

One saw and heard, who seem'd the while
At his own inward thought to smile,
As if Wealth, Rank, and Pomp, and Power,
And Beauty, with her rosy dower,
Like visions flitted through his mind,
While the pale foe strode fast behind:
To this complexion come it must,
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

III.

The wide wide world with flesh is sown;
Lands bloom the more for human bone;
We tread each moment on our kind,
Nor refuge from the dead can find:
The grass, the leaf, the flower, the man
To earth resolve since earth began;
The urn decays, the emblems rust,
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

IV.

But soon to smiles warm tears succeed,
For flesh is weak, and hearts will bleed,
And all the human race are kin,
Children of Sorrow and of Sin:
Belonging to one father-land,
We stand and fall a filial band:
Fond nature conquers chill disgust—
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

v.

Nay, smile then, if thou wilt, again,
Mute follower of the mourners' train!
A happier faith illumes the way
That takes us to our native clay:
The grave is closed, the friends are gone,
Life's relics slowly moulder on;
In God, the Sire of Souls, we trust—
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

## THOUGHT IS FREE.

ī.

THOUGHT is free!

Chainless as the unfathom'd Sea,

Buoyant as the breath of Heaven

Rapid as the gleaming levin:

It was born before the light,

And will last beyond the night.

II.

Thought is free!

"Free as air men's thoughts should be"—
So our English Alfred said;
So did preach the martyr'd dead
In our land in times of old,
Where truth bravely yet is told.

III.

Thought is free!
In the woods of Germany
Herman did old Rome withstand;
Dauntless Luther lit his brand;
And still in that realm of cloud
Breathe their souls, as through a shroud.

IV.

Thought is free!
In the vault of Italy,
'Neath the grey sepulchral stones,
Late it stirr'd the old dry bones,
And its flash electric ran
Down the gloomy Vatican.

٧.

Thought is free!

France, to purchase liberty,

Though the price of blood she paid,

Of the boon seems half afraid;

But no fetter yet may bind

In that land the fervent mind.

VI.

Thought is free!

Peaceful be its victory!

But, at times, its latent force

Bursting takes a whirlwind's course,

Shakes the palaces of Kings,

And to earth the temple flings.



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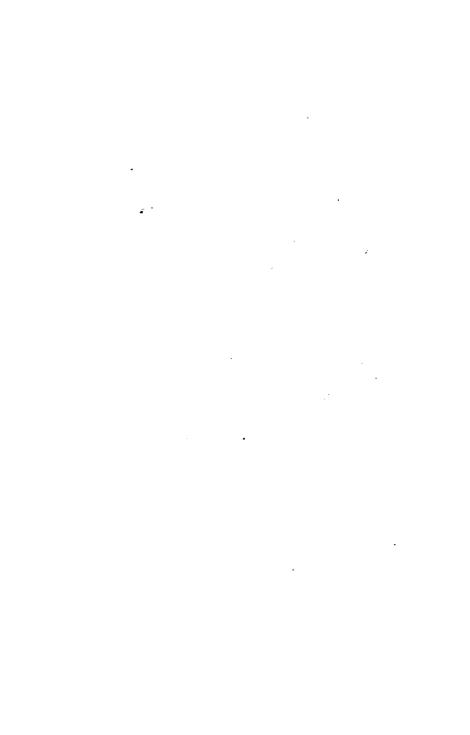
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- "A pastoral and descriptive poem which displays an unusual amount of poetic skill and graphic power. The pictures of wood and fell, of quiet and umbrageous valleys, and of the grand coast scenery of Cornwall, are marshalled before the reader with great distinctness and reality: nor are these features of the panorama either mute or inanimate; the poet has diffused over them all the emotions of his own genial spirit. The objects which he describes, acquire a deeper interest from the traditions which abound in the locality, and the episodes which they suggest."—Daily News.
- "Much melody 'in gushes of wild sylvan music floats' across these pages. But there is the something 'holier still,' which persuades the reader to efforts of virtue, and enables him to see how much of good there still is in the bosom of mankind.

  —Morning Chronicle.



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